

The Tragedie of Hamlet

This was your husband, look you now what followes;
 Heere is your husband like a mil-dewed eare,
 Blasting his wholsome brother: haue you eies?
 Could you on this faire Mountaine leaue to feed
 And batton on this *Moore*; ha, haue you eies?
 You cannot call it loue, for at your age
 The heyday in the bloud is tame, it's humble,
 And waits vpon the iudgement, and what iudgement
 Would step from this to this? sence sure you haue
 Else could you not haue motion; but sure that sence
 Is appoplext, for madnesse would not erre
 Nor sence to extasie was neere so thral'd
 But it reseru'd some quantitie of choice
 To serue in such a difference. What Deuill wast
 That thus hath cosond you at hodman-blind?
 Eies without feeling, feeling without sight,
 Eares without hands, or eies, smelling sance all,
 Or but a sickly part of one true sence
 Could not so mope. Oh shame! where is thy blush?
 Rebellious hell.
 If thou canst mutine in a Matrons bones,
 To flaming youth, let vertue be as wax
 And melt in her owne fire, proclaime no shame
 When the compulsiue ardure giues the charge,
 Since frost it selfe as actiuelly doth burne,
 And reason pardons will.

Ger. O *Hamlet* speake no more,
 Thou turn'st my very eies into my soule,
 And there I see such black and griued spots
 As will leaue there their tinct.

Ham. Nay but to liue
 In the ranke sweat of an incestuous bed
 Stewed in corruption, honying and making loue
 Ouer the nasty stie.

Ger. O speake to me no more,
 These words like Daggers enter in my eares
 No more sweet *Hamlet*.

Ham. A murderer and a villaine,
 A slaue that is not twentieth part the kyth.

Prince of Denmark

Of your precedent Lord, a v
 A Cut-purse of the Empire an
 That from a shelve the precio
 And put it in his pocket.

Ham. A King of shreds an
 Saue me and houer ore me w
 You heavenly guards: what v

Ger. Alasse he's mad.

Ham. Doe you not come
 That lap't in time and passio
 Th' important acting of your

Ghost. Doe not forget: th
 Is but to whet thy almost bl
 But looke, amazement on th
 O step betweene her, and he
 Conceit in weakest bodies st
 Speake to her *Hamlet*.

Ham. How is it with you?

Ger. Alasse how't with
 That you doe bend your eie
 And with th' incorporall aire
 Forth at your eyes your spiri
 And as the sleeping Souldier
 Your beaded haire like life in
 Starts vp and stands an end:
 Vpon the heate and flame of
 Sprinkle coole patience, whe

Ham. Oa him, on him, lo
 His forme and cause conioyn
 Would make them capable, o
 Left with this pittious action
 My sterne effects, then what
 Will want true colour, teares

Ger. To whom doe you sp

Ham. Doe you see nothin

Ger. Nothing at all, yet a

Ham. Nor did you nothin

Ger. No, nothing but our